

Reunited

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Reunited

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Sixteen years ago a king lost his son.

Sixteen years ago a boy was brought to a cabin he grew up in

Sixteen years ago a prophecy was put into action

Card Games

Chapter Summary

This story contains a handful of sensitive topics, please read the tags ! <3

Also - ender chests work differently for this story. The ender chests in this world can only be opened by the creator and whoever the creator lets open it. So Dream's chest can only be opened by himself, Tommy, and Tubbo

Tommy woke up to the morning sun filtering through his window. He rolled onto his side opting to curl further into the thick comforter that laid on his bed. His thoughts of falling back asleep were cut short by a small knock on his door. "Tommy?" A familiar voice called gently. "Breakfast will be ready in a minute." Tommy grumbled and waited for the sound of footsteps to disappear down the hall before he got up from his bed.

After grabbing one of his many white and red shirts out of his closet he changed out of his nightclothes. Tommy didn't bother closing the curtains, there would be no one outside to see him as he undressed. Walking down the hall the smell of freshly cooked eggs and sausage filled his nose. He rounded the corner and spotted the short ram boy he lived with. Tubbo was his best friend, well his only friend really besides Dream. The older man didn't count as he was Tommy's brother. Brothers don't count as friends.

"Hey Tubs" Tommy greeted tiredly. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he went. Tubbo turned and smiled wide at him. "Good morning Tommy. Did you sleep well?" The small talk they had every morning was nothing new. It was always the same, Tubbo always asked how he slept, Tommy answered the same every time. Tommy rarely asked Tubbo in return, because Tubbo would only shrug and shuffle breakfast onto the plate in front of Tommy insisting to not worry about it. Despite his insistence, Tommy always saw the tired in Tubbo's eyes.

Tommy sat at the table and slumped over it putting his head in his arms. "Mhmm" he hummed into his elbow. Tubbo split the food onto two plates and they ate together in comfortable silence. Tommy and Tubbo spent every morning eating together, they ate every meal together rather. Dream dropped by and joined them on occasion.

Tubbo cooked every meal even when Dream was around, even though the older was capable of cooking. Dream said it was Tubbo's job though Tommy wasn't sure why. His brother said Tubbo should cook, do the laundry, and clean. Tubbo's list of chores was so long while he didn't have a single one. He felt guilty letting Tubbo do all the work but Dream insisted Tubbo should do it, it was his purpose, and who were then to question Dream.

They learned from a young age not to question Dream. It was practically wired into their brains at this point, they'd heard the man himself say it a hundred times over. Tommy had been punished for disobeying, he remembers getting grounded when he was smaller, the only lesson Dream seemed to teach over and over that he was always right. The boys should always listen to him. It was the most important rule in their house.

Tubbo never disobeyed, Tommy had noticed at a young age. While the blonde boy seemed to dance near the edge of disobeying, pushing the boundaries as far as he could go always testing the waters, Tubbo was much more hesitant and timid. He always tried to stay on Dream's good side. Tommy didn't blame him, his punishments were worse.

"So, what do you wanna do today big man?" He asked Tubbo. The nickname rather odd considering the fact Tubbo was shorter than him but he used it anyway. It was a habit started long ago, he called Dream big man sometimes too. Dream had said it was an absurd habit, unsure where he'd pick up using such an odd nickname, Tommy just brushed it off.

The ram hybrid had just finished his breakfast when Tommy asked. Tubbo pondered for a moment and shrugged. "I don't care. Dream is coming tomorrow so preferably something that isn't messy." A pang of guilt hits Tommy, remembering the last time they did something that caused a mess Tubbo couldn't clean before Dream came back home. They just wanted to build a pillow fort, but Dream hadn't taken kindly to the pillows and blankets scattered across the living room, the dining room chair sat by the couch. It was Tommy's idea, and Tubbo paid the price. He pushed it away quickly, not wanting to think of such things.

"How about a card game" he suggested. It wouldn't take up the whole day but it'd pass some time, enough to pass the time before Dream came home anyways. Tubbo picked their plates up off the table and headed to the kitchen. "We can do that" he hummed in response. The sound of the water running and plates clinking together skilled then fall house as Tubbo began washing the dishes.

Tommy jumped up eagerly and grabbed one of the few card games from his room. He got them from Dream as a birthday present a few years ago. Tommy and Tubbo had played each of the games hundreds of times by now but Tommy still loved playing them. It was hard to choose a favorite, he'd become good at all of the games after playing them so many times and each one had its ups and downs. The cards had started to wear down, the corners and edges faded after so much use throughout the years. He'd need some new ones soon, perhaps he could request them for his birthday. Well, not for this birthday of course, but maybe next year.

The sound of water stopped running in the sink as Tommy removed the cards from the box. Tubbo dried his hands on a towel and made his way back over to the table taking a seat next to Tommy. They spent the next hour playing the game. Tommy let Tubbo win most of the rounds, he was better at the games than Tubbo but he wanted the smaller boy to win. When Tubbo won he smiled and his eyes shone, something Tommy rarely saw from him. The blonde fake pouted when he lost and rambled on about his damaged ego, but in reality he didn't care too much. He'd do almost anything he could inside the cabin to make Tubbo happy. He saw Tubbo like a brother to him even though he wasn't. He remembered asking

Dream once when he was young, if Tubbo was their brother too, and that was the first time Dream ever yelled at him.

He never understood why Dream acted the way he did when it came to Tubbo. He'd promise Tommy he did care about Tubbo but the he'd rarely give the boy the same affection. He never considered Tubbo his brother. Not even through an adopted way. Tommy couldn't think of a single reason why, Tubbo was the kindest person he knew. Not that he knew anyone besides Tubbo and Dream but still! Tubbo was very kind. And obedient and good, he just wanted to please Dream but it was never enough.

While Tubbo returned the cards to the box Tommy wondered what he and Dream would do when he returned. It had been a while since the man groomed Tommy's wings so it was bound to happen again soon. His feathers fluffed up a bit. Having his wings preened always felt nice, Dream's hands were never gentler then when they glided through his soft golden feathers. Tubbo never got that special treatment either. Dream said Tubbo didn't need any help with his animal features, but maybe it was because they were different animals.

"Hey Tubbo?" He glanced at the ram boy. Tubbo sat straight in his chair while Tommy was slouched over. They were raised by the same man, but completely different. Tubbo was small and quiet, well mannered. Tommy was loud and brash, without much of a filter. "What will you do when we leave?" A beat of silence passed. Something that looked close to fear filled Tubbo's expression. Tommy frowned and furrowed his eyebrows together.

"When we leave?" Tubbo asked in a small voice. Why did he say it like that? The ram looked at Tommy incredulously, like just the suggestion of such a thing was absurd. He supposed they had never discussed it before, but this wasn't the reaction he expected.

"Of course when we leave. We aren't going to stay here forever, when we are older and stronger like Dream I'm sure he'll let us leave." Tubbo looked down at his lap. He usually avoided eye contact when he was nervous. "Oh uh- of course.."

Tommy stared at Tubbo intently before turning and looking out the window. Forest surrounded their cabin in every direction. It seemed to go one forever. So much unexplored land, so much to see and do, just behind the thin walls and old fence that surrounded him. They would leave one day. Dream would let them leave. *Wouldn't he?*

An Arrival

Another night in the cabin, just like all the rest, and another morning of eating breakfast with Tubbo quietly. They didn't talk much while eating. Instead, they opted to just enjoy the company of each other while they ate. Tommy laid sprawled out on the couch anxiously waiting for Dream to return.

The lock on the front door clicked signaling that Dream had finally arrived. Tommy jumped up and his wings flared excitedly as he made his way to the door to see his older brother walk in. Dream slid his smiley mask off his face and set it down on a small table by the door. All white eyes found Tommy's instantly. They'd be unsettling to anyone else but Tommy was used to them. His brother was tall and muscular. He wore a green hoodie, black pants, and fingerless gloves. His hair was a dirty blonde and messy. Similar to Tommy's yet not quite the same. Not that he'd notice.

"Dream" Tommy called happily. He crossed the room and Dream held his arms out. The embrace was comforting. He took a deep breath as he buried his face in the man's green hoodie. The scent of a forest filled his nose. He'd love to experience the smell in person. He would one day *surely*. "Hey Toms," his brother said and ruffled his hair a bit. Tommy looked up at him and grinned wide. Like the hair, he didn't notice the way a smile appeared on Dream's face when he looked up. One that wasn't there before.

Dream pulled away from the hug and made his way into the kitchen. Tommy followed close behind like a puppy following its owner. Tubbo was standing at the sink washing the two bowls from their breakfast. Dream's eyes carefully scanned over the kitchen and the living room. He was making sure it was clean, just like he usually did when he visited. Tommy tried to ignore the way Tubbo's shoulders tensed and his head ducked down a little farther while Dream carefully looked over their small house. Dream just wanted to make sure they weren't messing up his house. It was justified after all.

"I'll be back in a second" Dream hummed as he disappeared into the bathroom. Tommy made his way to Tubbo's side as the ram hybrid dried his hands. "Today's a big day Tubbo. I'm finally gonna ask him." Tubbo turned to him with wide eyes. Both of them knew what he meant. They'd had many conversations debating the subject. Tubbo always seemed hesitant on him asking. "Really? Do you think you should?" His tone was laced with surprise.

Tommy was going to ask Dream about going to listen to the music that played on his birthday. As of then, it was a little over a week away. They'd have plenty of time to travel if he asked now. If he didn't they'd have to wait till his next birthday.

A few years ago he noticed every year at night the same music would play on his birthday. The fact it played on his birthday furthering the appeal he already felt over the music. It felt like the music was meant for him, in a way. That he was meant to listen to it. That he *had* to listen. He called his birthday his and Tubbo's birthday but they knew it wasn't Tubbo's actual birthday. Dream never had them celebrate Tubbo's so he secretly shared his with Tubbo. Not that Dream knew. So he'd listen to the music and he'd do it with Tubbo at his side.

He could hear it from the cabin but Tommy wanted to listen to the music from a close distance. It was quite in their little cabin, he had to sit at the window by the front of the house just to hear, yet it was still beautiful. He dreamed of seeing what made such pleasant sounds. Of getting to experience them up close. Himself, Tubbo, and Dream all happily listening to the music together. That was all he wanted.

That would require them to leave their cabin and the tall fence that surrounded it. For as longs as each of them could remember neither of them left the fence walls. They were only let out of the cabin under Dream's supervision. Even then, Tubbo was usually forced to remain inside while Dream took Tommy out to let him exercise his wings. Tommy couldn't fly inside.

So leaving to go however far the music was would be a big thing to ask. He figured it was the right time. He and Tubbo were older now, and stronger. The threats Dream warned of their entire lives seemed less daunting than when they were small.

Dream returned from the bathroom and went to the fridge pulling a bottle of juice out. Tommy's favorite juice always seemed to be in stock. Dream replenishing it whenever he noticed it was almost empty. Though it rarely got low, Tubbo never drank it. Dream downed half of the bottle before Tommy spoke up. "Hey, Dream I've been thinking" Dream glanced at him raising an eyebrow.

By then Tubbo had gone down the hall and Tommy could hear the distant shuffling as he moved and folded laundry. He listened to the noise to ease his nerves. "Well that's never good" Dream smirked slightly as he spoke. Tommy let out a weak chuckle, too nervous to really laugh, and fiddled his fingers a bit. Dream's easy smile disappeared. "Stop that" he commanded, the cold tone completely different from the one he had just used not even a minute prior. Dream hated it when Tommy fidgeted. Tommy always seemed to forget. "Sorry, uh." He looked at the ground as his confidence drained. He hadn't even asked and Dream was already upset. "I was going to ask about something I wanted for my birthday."

Dream set the bottle down and crossed the room. He set his hands on Tommy's shoulders. His cold tone shifted again, back into the usual sweet one he spoke to Tommy in. One sometimes so sweet it made Tommy sick. He ignored the feeling. "That's actually what I came here to ask about." His brother smiled down at him. Tommy swallowed as the knot in his stomach loosened. "Well," he paused taking a breath before looking his brother directly in his eyes as he spoke. "I'm turning 16. That's kind of a big number so I wanted to ask for something special. I won't go to wherever the music is coming from" The moment of silence was deafening.

Dream's smile had disappeared. "What music?" He asked slowly with a raised eyebrow. Tommy's anxiety peaked again. His brother's mood shifted so fast it was hard to keep up with. "The- the music. It plays every year. On my uh b-birthday" he stuttered through the sentence. Dream stared at him for what felt like forever. Tubbo appeared in the doorway again, glancing between them when he noticed how tense it was. "You want to leave?" Dream asked in an accusing and low voice. One that sent shivers down Tommy's spine. Tubbo froze where he was stood in the doorway.

Dream scoffed lightly and made wide gestures as he spoke. “You really want to leave? Over some music? Tommy, we’ve talked about this. Your wings are special. People out there will hurt you over them. You’re too naive, weak, and brash to handle that.” *Dream didn’t mean what he said, the insults weren’t genuine. He couldn’t let himself get upset over it. Dream only said it to protect him. To make a point.*

Tommy squared his shoulders and looked at Dream. “Dream I can handle myself. Me and Tubbo have been practicing sword fighting since forever.” Dream turned away and grabbed the bottle off the counter tossing it in the trash “No” he responded. Tommy glanced at Tubbo who looked unsure of what to do. A deer caught in headlights almost.

Tommy looked back to Dream and reached out grabbing his brother’s arm lightly “But Dream-“ he started. Dream yanked his arm away and slammed his fist into the counter. He turned to face Tommy at lightning speed. “Tommy I said **no**.” He yelled. Tommy’s mouth snapped shut and all pleas for Dream to reconsider died in his throat. Tubbo flinched backward.

Dream scowled at him before his face shifted into one of hurt. “Why do you push me like this Tommy?” He asked. “Why do you *make* me yell at you? Why can’t you be good and take no for an answer?” Tommy’s eyes fell to the floor as embarrassment crept onto his face. What was wrong with him? Of course, Dream would say no. Why did he push? Why did he even ask? Tubbo was right he shouldn’t have asked.

A hand cupped his face gently and he looked up at his brother. Dream stared down at him sadly. “I’m sorry Tommy. I do this to protect you guys. Few hybrids beyond you exist and the humans are cruel. The outside world just doesn’t like freak hybrids like you two. You have to stay here” The word *freak* burned into his mind. *Dream didn’t mean it.*

He just nodded the best he could in Dream’s hold. The soft hand curled around his face holding it tighter. “Tommy,” His cold voice said slowly. Dream tilted his head up so they looked at each other directly. “Don’t ask to leave the cabin again. Ever.” he couldn’t stop his wings from curling around himself protectively. “Yes Dream” he managed out despite the tightness in his throat. He hadn’t even realized until now the tears in his eyes and burning sensation in his throat. Dream’s hand fell from his face. His brother turned and looked at Tubbo as he leaned on the counter. “Tommy go to your room. *Tubbo* and I need to talk for a moment”

Tommy’s heart dropped at that. He looked over at his friend in the doorway as fear washed over the boy’s face. Dream wanted Tommy to leave so he didn’t see the harsher treatment Tubbo was subjected to from the masked man. Tommy wasn’t an idiot though. The walls weren’t soundproof either. Whenever Dream sent him to his room to “talk to Tubbo” he heard the muffled yelling from his room. Always about Tubbo not being good enough, always filled with unfair and cruel words. He’d occasionally hear a dull smacking sound followed by a small pained whimper or yelp. More yelling and Tubbo’s hysterical apologies and promises to be better would follow. He saw the ugly bruises that stained Tubbo’s skin for the next few days. He noticed, and he figured Tubbo knew he did, but it went unaddressed. Neither ever knew what to say.

He knew it was wrong. The way Dream treated Tubbo. He knew it wasn't okay when Tubbo would wake up crying from nightmares at night. He wished he could help his friend but he wasn't sure how. He only realized what had been happening to him recently but thinking back it had always gone on. He realized the signs he missed before. The way Tubbo would flinch when Dream moved. Or the handprints that covered half of his face that Dream always said were an accident. Dream had never hurt him that way. He only ever yelled, sometimes grabbing his arm harshly but that was it. Tubbo was the only one who got hit. All he could do was watch as guilt filled him.

He wasn't exactly sure how to feel about Dream anymore. He loved his brother, but the way he treated Tubbo was just.. unfair. Though who was he to judge as he sat by and let it happen? A few years ago if you asked him how he felt about Dream he wouldn't have hesitated to ramble about how cool and awesome his big brother was. Now that he was older and saw the flaws in Dream's character he wouldn't be sure what to say. The happiness he felt when Dream returned was genuine, and it always grew from Dream's affection. Yet none of it ever completely covered the disgust and guilt that swirled in his gut.

At the same time, Dream knew what was best. Dream cared about Tubbo as he cared about him. He just.. showed it differently. It was just *tough love* as Dream called it.

When he made it into his room he curled into a ball on his bed as the distant yelling filled his ears. It's okay. Dream knew what was best. He pulled his knees tighter to his chest flinching as the sound of a slap rang out. Dream knew what was best but ~~Tubbo didn't deserve it~~. Tommy couldn't question Dream. Tommy couldn't question his brother. Distinguishable footsteps, heavy and louder than the gentle ones he'd hear every morning came closer to his door. He sat up and wiped his eyes quickly. *When had he started crying again?*

The door opened and he saw Dream in the doorway. "I'm leaving Tommy but I'll be back before your birthday." He opened his arms again like when he first entered the home. After a split second of hesitation, he prayed Dream didn't notice, Tommy stood up and hugged his brother like he always did. *Tubbo and Dream never hugged.* "I love you," Tommy mumbled into his brother's chest.

Dream pat his head affectionately but he was too guilty to find any comfort in the action. That was the same hand that just- "I love you more" Dream said and turned to leave. He heard the door open and stood in the doorway feeling numb. He did for the next few hours especially when Tubbo came to tell him about lunch. His smile was strained and his face was bruised. Tommy may have cried a third time that night trying to fall asleep. Everything was okay. Dream knew what was best.

In a castle a while away, one of the princes pulled his cloak on and prepared to leave. His destination was a woodland mansion North of the castle. It was mostly unexplored land. No one knew of the little cabin that sat on a nearby hill.

Silent Apologies

The next morning was tenser than their recent ones had been. The silence was now uncomfortable. There were so many things Tommy wanted to say to Tubbo but he didn't have the courage to voice them. After eating Tubbo silently went off and did chores around the house. He watched Tubbo for a bit and noticed the dark bruises that wrapped around his wrists. He stood up and grabbed some bruise cream and bandages from the first aid kit in the bathroom. It was meant for emergencies but Tommy knew it was used fairly often.

He made his way back to Tubbo and lead him away from the sweeping he was doing. He sat Tubbo down at the couch, crouched down on his knees and took Tubbo's wrist into his hands. He pushed the sleeve up slowly and rubbed the medicine over the bruise as gently as possible. He noticed Tubbo's shoulders losing their tension as he did so. After covering the bruise he wrapped it in the bandage before repeating on the other wrist. When he was finished he looked back up at Tubbo's eyes. Tubbo stared at him smiling lightly.

Tommy half expected Tubbo to hate him. He sat by and let it happen after all. However Tubbo was nothing but grateful for Tommy. He wrapped his arms around the boy's middle as they stood up and mumbled a thanks into his chest. For a moment he thought of how wonderful it would be if Dream didn't return. It would be just him and Tubbo. Tubbo would be safe and they'd be peaceful. Then he quickly realized how selfish that was. How could he think such a thing about his own brother?

It was dinner when they actually spoke for the first time. Tubbo and spent most of the day after Tommy wrapped his wrists working. Just like the morning. He usually did this after Dream got physical. Even though Dream hadn't even said anything about the house work, he did it out of habit. The shakiness in his bones only eased when he couldn't see a single thing wrong with the house. Tommy offered to help a couple of times but he refused. The work gave him something to put his mind to so he didn't have to think about other things.

Tommy had barely eaten anything, pushing the food around on his plate the whole time. It wasn't that the food tasted bad, it was delicious. Tommy just didn't have an appetite. He spent most of the day trying to sort through his emotions but it only made him feel worse. The sick feeling in his gut grew. He looked down at the his plate as he thought of the music again.

"I can't believe Dream won't let us go" he huffed irritated. Tubbo paused halfway through taking a bite of his food and looked up at him. "I mean it's so unfair" Tubbo nodded in understanding. "I know how much you wanted to go to listen to the music." Tubbo said before he continued eating. Tommy's leg bounced anxiously. He knew if Dream was here he'd be reprimanded for it but Tubbo never minded. "Maybe we can sit up at the window and listen together?" Tubbo offered. Tommy considered his proposition. While it wouldn't be as nice as listening to the music closely, the thought of sitting at the window with Tubbo while the music played sounded nice. "Okay, as long as Dream isn't here we'll listen to the music."

He had already started to plan a way to convince Dream to let him go. Tommy never could take no for an answer. He just asked the wrong way he figured. This time it would be better. He didn't bring the plan up to Tubbo, nor the stuff in his room he'd use to convince Dream. They played another card game before bed, and this time Tommy's mind was so focused on his plans for Dream's return Tubbo won all on his own.

Revelations

It was a day later when Dream returned again. Just a week till his birthday. Tommy was staring at his compass when the door opened, watching the needle move as he turned it. When he heard Dream enter he quickly shoved it under his pillow. He hid things like that under his pillow or his bed. He found it outside of the house during one of the sessions where he exercised his wings. It had a marking on it, a sphere surrounded by unconnected points. Like a star. The marking was on a lot of the things he found.

He left his room and made his way to the front of the house as Dream set down his bags. Immediately noticing the man's mood was different than usual. His hoodie was dirty, covered in mud and a dried red substance. Tommy realized somewhat sadly he wouldn't get a comforting forest hug. "Tubbo" the man barked out. Tubbo appeared from behind him, wide-eyed with a nervous posture. The bruise on his face almost completely healed by then, it was never really dark to begin with, but still an unsettling reminder to Tommy why he acted so nervous. Dream pulled his hoodie off and practically shoved it into Tubbo's arms. "Wash it" he adjusted his black shirt that was underneath. It had lifted when he pulled the hoodie off.

Tommy's eyes landed on his brother's bare arms. He rarely saw them and they were covered in various scars that ranged in shapes and sizes. He knew Dream was a fighter but to see someone scarred was odd to Tommy. "Yes sir," Tubbo said meekly as he disappeared back down the hallway. Tommy shifted rather uncomfortably. Dream *never made Tommy call him sir.*

Dream watched him go with a look on his face Tommy couldn't quite recognize. His brother looked to him and smiled. "Do you want to go flying today?" A question he wanted to be asked. Tommy's wings flapped a bit on impulse and he couldn't help but smile wide. All the negative thoughts he had recently suddenly disappeared. "Of course" Then he remembered the fact that unless he said something Tubbo would yet again not join them when they go outside. Since he was in the laundry room. Tommy wanted Tubbo to come. It was the least he could do. It had been over a year now since Tubbo was allowed to go with them. "Can uh" anxiety pooled in his stomach. Asking Dream for things was always hard. Especially when things were tense. He opened and closed his hands a few times before stopping. Remembering Dream didn't like his fidgeting. "Can Tubbo come?"

Dream's smile didn't quite reach his eyes anymore. "Of course" He responded. "I'll go get him" Tommy watched him make his way to the laundry room. Dream said yes, there was no reason for him to feel so sick over it. He stood waiting, oblivious to the quiet but harsh words being spat at the ram boy just a dozen feet away. Pretending to be oblivious anyways. They'd go outside and it would be great. Everything would be perfectly fine. The two appeared again, Tubbo walking behind Dream with his head and eyes down submissively. Tommy just moved forward and grabbed Tubbo's hand pulling him along. Dream opened the door and Tommy took a deep breath of the fresh air. After walking to the center of the front land inside the fenced barrier he abandoned Tubbo's hand and instantly went into the air.

He flew around for a while, the wind through his feathers felt amazing. Tubbo watched from the ground smiling fondly. He waved at Tommy a few times. Tubbo couldn't fly but Tommy knew he was still happy to be outside. He was glad asking Dream was the right thing to do. Dream stood with his arms crossed leaning against the house. His eyes constantly watching the tree line beyond the fence. He looked so many times Tommy would go as far to say it was borderline paranoia.

With Dream not watching Tommy thought about landing after spotting another thing on the ground. Something to add to his collection. It was just outside the fence. He contemplated it for a good 10 minutes. Dream wouldn't mind if it was just a moment. He wouldn't even notice. Tommy landed outside the fence and grabbed the fabric from the ground. It was a small rectangle that had the same marking. The fabric was blue and white. He stuffed it into his pocket and took off again, back within the fence of the house. Tubbo looked at him with alarmed eyes, obviously noticing Tommy went outside of the fence. The ram boy didn't mention it.

Dream looked up at the sky, dark stormy clouds far in the distance. Farther than they needed to worry about. "We should go inside. It's going to rain soon" his brother insisted. Tommy landed between the two. "Awh c'mon Dream. They're far away. Just a few more minutes" he pleaded. Dream turned to him the smiley face mask left and unsettling feeling in his stomach. Dream wore it when they left the house. "Tommy" his tone was warning. Not willing to risk it his wings fell slightly and his shoulders slouched. "Okay" he caved. Dream seemed pleased with his lack of badgering over staying out longer. They made their way inside. Tubbo went and grabbed Dream's now dry sweatshirt and handed it over. Dream didn't even thank him when he took it Tommy noted. He'd use that against the man if he ever reprimanded Tommy for a lack of manners in the future again.

"Dream" he said as his brother sat down on the couch. "I've been thinking about what you said." Dream's shoulders tensed. Tommy's stomach flipped but he calmed himself down. It'd be okay. He just had to ask. Just like earlier with Tubbo going outside. He put a lot of thought into this, too much to back out now. "I hope it's not about the music. I already told you no" Dream spoke slowly in an annoyed tired voice. That should have been a sign to let it go.

Tommy shifted his weight between his feet. "I know I know, hear me out. You say I'm weak which yeah sure, I am. I'm skinny. It's okay though, I have this armor. If I wore it I'd be fine" Dream stood instantly and was in front of Tommy. He couldn't stop himself from shrinking backward. "You what?" Dream snapped. The tone instantly shook Tommy to his core. It was terrifying and unexpected. He looked at his brother wide eyed. That wasn't the reaction thought he'd get. "I.. armor its" he wasn't sure what to say as his voice trembled. "Where?"

Tommy led him to his room. Dream kicked his bed to the side revealing all of his findings besides the compass. Dream stared at it for what felt like a hours. Tommy watched nervously wringing his fingers together. Tubbo peaked his head into the room nervously. His eyes landed on the pile on the floor and he raised an eyebrow.

“Tommy.” Dream said slowly. His brother turned to him and Tommy’s heart dropped at the amount of rage on his face. “You hid things from me. What is this stuff for?” Tommy glanced at the stash nervously. “It’s just stuff I found” he assured. Dream grabbed his arms pulling Tommy in front of him. “What were you planning on doing with this stuff? Leaving? Attacking me?” Tommy shook his head frantically and tried to not pull away from Dream’s grip. “Of course not Dream. I would never”

Dream turned and scooped the things up from the floor, chest plate and boots included. “Come here and watch” he turned to the door. Tubbo slid out of the way instantly. Tommy followed his brother into the living room. “Until you learn to listen” Dream said and held his stuff over the fire place.

His heart sunk. These were all he had, his only connections to the outside world that weren’t given to him by Dream. His only sense of self dependency. Tommy moved forward reaching out. “No Dream please I’m really really sorry” he spoke panicked. “Please I didn’t think-“ Dream turned to him angrily. “You had plenty of time to think Tommy” he snapped. Tommy and Tubbo both flinching at his tone.

Dream tossed his things into the fire without hesitation and motioned to them “Don’t do whatever the fuck you call that. I have you both here for a reason. You didn’t listen, the rules were simple. You *always* have to try and defy me for some reason.” Tommy looked at the ground not wanting to watch his things burn. “I’m really sorry. I just wanted stuff that was mine. Things I could call my things.” He mumbled. He felt shameful but also- mad. Dream was being unfair. Dream was being unfair to him. *Why was Dream always so unfair?*

Everything else in the house, besides his stash, was considered Dream’s. A privilege Dream gave him, one he’d have to be grateful over. Things Dream held over their heads as reasons to be good and obedient. “Sorry doesn’t cut it. You can’t go outside and fly anymore. As soon as I think you have changed you can fly again. For now, no. I was being lenient and you took advantage of me. I’m very disappointed right now.”

Dream looked at him a minute before he turned to the other boy in the room. “And you” he started to advance toward Tubbo who froze in fear. Tubbo’s ears and eyes lowering to the ground instantly. Tommy reached out and grabbed Dream’s arm keeping him in place. “Please Dream, it wasn’t his fault. He didn’t know. Tubbo had no idea please don’t be upset with him.” Dream turned back to Tommy and Tommy couldn’t stop himself from flinching back. Dream sneered down at him. “There you go, now I’m the bad guy. Jumping like I’d hurt you. Tommy I’m *nothing* but kind to you. I have never hurt you. Why do you act like this?” *Because you hurt Tubbo.*

“I don’t- you aren’t bad Dream. You’re right I know you wouldn’t hurt me.” Dream pushed him slightly **roughly** towards the hall. “Go to your room” he commanded. Tommy looked at Tubbo now. He tried to lock eyes with the terrified boy but Tubbo wouldn’t look up. He couldn’t let this happen again. “But Dream-“ “**now**” Tommy turned and went towards his room on shaky legs.

He didn’t even make it in the door before Dream started shouting at Tubbo. He froze in the doorway listening to Dream’s words. He was blaming Tubbo for Tommy’s collection.

It wasn't fair, Tubbo didn't know. The yelling grew louder. Tommy was letting him get punished for it. Dream was right, he was weak. He heard a thud and a yelp. Tommy turned on his heels. Another smacking sound followed by a whimper, *Tubbo's whimper*, reached his ears. "I let you into my house graciously. I give you a roof over your head after finding you and this is how you repay me? By lying to me?" Tubbo let out a small sob "I'm sorry I'm sorry sir I didn't know—" Tommy entered the kitchen to see Tubbo pressed against the wall. Dream's hand grabbing the collar of his old green shirt. His other hand raised back seconds from striking again.

"Dream" Tommy said voice shaking. Dream instantly let Tubbo go, his other arm falling to his side. Dream straightened and turned to him. "Tommy, I said go to your room" Tommy walked over slowly despite being terrified. Fear wasn't an excuse. Tubbo was afraid too. "Please Dream he didn't know" Tommy assured. Dream didn't seem convinced, or he knew and simply didn't care. "Go to your room Tommy" Dream said again. Tommy looked at him and then Tubbo. A mark was already forming on Tubbo's jaw. All of the boys previous unfair punishments filled his mind. "No" he said.

Dream was going to stop hurting his best friend, or Dream was going to hurt him too. He couldn't sit by and watch Tubbo take it alone anymore. Dream was furious. His hand clamped around Tommy's wrist and instantly dragged him to his room. The same way he grabbed Tubbo. Tommy struggled and protested but Dream slammed him into the wall. *I'd never hurt you Tommy.* "Tommy I am done with your shit." His wings curled around himself protectively as he shrunk into the wall.

"If you keep defying me I'll take Tubbo away and leave you here all alone." Tommy's shoulders dropped at that. A threat he hadn't expected. Dream wouldn't take Tubbo away right? Dream hurt Tubbo and burned his stuff. He wasn't kind- but Dream was his brother. He wanted what was best for Tommy. Surely he knew taking Tubbo was a horrible idea. "Go. To. Your. Room" he pulled away from Tommy and watched. He gave Tommy a decision.

Tommy begrudgingly decided to obey and walked to his room. He didn't want Tubbo to get hurt yet he had the suspicious whatever Dream planned for him if he did take him away would be worse. The door slammed closed behind him and the sound of the lock clicked. No going back on the decision. He sunk onto the floor with his back pushed against the door. Shouting filled the small house again. He wrapped his wings around himself. He wanted to scream and cry. He wanted to throw things but he was paralyzed in fear listening to the interaction from the kitchen.

Silent sobs shook his entire body. He clamped his hands over his ears but the sound of the beating was still audible. Every single slap and kick. Every accusing word and cry of pain. Did he only make Tubbo's punishment worse? He just wanted to help. Tommy fucked everything up. His heart tightened in his chest.

After an insufferable amount of time sitting curled up wishing for it to stop the house went silent. The front door opened and slammed closed, shaking the house. Tommy violently flinched at the sound. Dream didn't say goodbye. No hug, no I love you. Tommy was both hurt and glad. He wasn't sure he could say those three words. Not right now.

Tommy sat in near silence, the only sound was Tubbo's quiet broken sobs. *It's my fault, it's my fault, it's my fault.* He hadn't realized the sobs stopped until the lock on his door clicked. Tubbo stood in the doorway, face bruised worse than ever before. Tommy sprang to his feet and pulled Tubbo into a hug. His wings wrapped around them. Silent apologies he didn't have the guts to voice filled his mind. His brother knew what was best.

Dream returned a few hours later. It was later and Tubbo was about to make dinner. Once he set foot in the house everything immediately became tense and unbearable. Tommy hide in his room unwilling to face Dream. His brother had taken it too far. When Tubbo called him for dinner he made his way out of his room and paused in the doorway. He heard Dream's voice.

"Things like you don't *deserve* that much food." His brother hissed out. Bile rose to Tommy's throat but he swallowed it down. He waited a moment before entering the kitchen dining room area. He noted the sizably smaller portion on Tubbo's plate.

Dinner had been terrible. While the usually tense silence was uncomfortable it was better than that night. Dream had asked Tommy questions, about his day and other things. Tubbo sitting by his side with his head and ears down the entire time. Dream ignored Tubbo's existence and pretended everything was fine. Pretended it was a normal dinner between brothers. The sick feeling never left.

After dinner Dream sat Tommy down and groomed his wings. Despite the terrible day his fingers still weaved through the feathers as gently as possible. He usually hummed during the process but this time he spoke. Different than the casual conversation over dinner. "You know I love you right Tommy?" He asked. Tommy nodded after a moment of hesitation. He wasn't sure he could handle speaking verbally. "I only want what's best for you. Right Tommy?" Another nod.

Dream paused what he was doing and sighed. "You hate me don't you?" He asked. Something in Tommy snapped. It would have been easy to say yes, he had thought that a few times throughout the day. The sad pitying way Dream said it instantly made him feel bad. "Of course not" he assured. Dream grinned darkly behind him but he couldn't see. "Are you sure?" He asked, tone slightly sad. Tommy nodded his head enthusiastically. "Good, good. You shouldn't after everything I've done for you." He continued weaving his hands through the feathers. "I am the only one who cares about you after all"

Deceitful Shelter

Technoblade had been walking through the forest following a map. His dad had sent him out to look through the woodland mansion. He said the map was given to him by Dream a few years ago. He couldn't imagine why Dream would give his dad the map instead of looking through the mansion himself but wasn't going to question it. Woodland mansions were considered rare.

Fighting the evokers that resided in the mansion was easier than people said it would be. Then the voices insisted to there was a hidden room but as he looked he didn't find one. He did get a fair amount of loot though, seeds and gunpowder.

Technoblade made his way through the forest, totem in hand. The problem was now there was a storm. Usually, they helped him but he left his trident at home. So now he was stuck walking through the rain soaking wet. He could handle being wet and cold, it wouldn't kill him, but it certainly wasn't fun. He spotted a small cabin in the distance.

It had an old wooden fence that was just short enough to climb at his height. If he were shorter he probably wouldn't have made it over. The outside was overgrown and messy, looking abandoned. The room between the house and the fence was big and likely used for animals at one point. He made his way onto the porch to get out of the rain. The old wooden stairs creaking under his feet.

He took one look at the forest as the rain poured down and glanced at the door handle. Odd. The lock was inverted, the bolt on the outside. Who locks their house from the outside? An unsettling feeling filled him. The voices spoke loudly. He ignored them and tried to open the door. When it didn't budge he turned the lock and the door opened slowly. It was loud and creaky like the stairs. His eyes landed on a candle that sat atop the table. It was lite.

His ear twitched as he heard movement. He saw something coming towards his face seconds before impact and blacked out.

Blackmailing a Pig

It had been three days since Dream left and he hadn't returned. Tommy wasn't sure if he'd be back again for his birthday. The man-made no mention of his return nor when it would be. He was not sure if he wanted to be happy or sad. He wasn't sure if he loved Dream or not. The only thing he knew is he wouldn't outright defy Dream again. Not to his face. After seeing the state Tubbo was in afterward he decided he never would again. It was his fault after all. If he had listened.. but Tubbo didn't deserve it either way did he? Tommy's thoughts on Dream constantly changed just like the man's temper. He loved the Dream that smiled and ruffled his hair. He hated the Dream that hit Tubbo and yelled. They were the same person, which complicated things greatly. Part of him wished Dream was just a straight-up asshole that never loved him. At least then he'd be easy to hate.

Thunder sounded outside and Tubbo flinched from his place at the table. Tommy watched sadly. Ever since Dream's outburst Tubbo had been flinching constantly. It made Tommy feel bad. He tried to comfort Tubbo the best he could. He even helped Tubbo with the chores despite his hesitance. The fact that Tubbo was hesitant because Dream would be mad at Tommy assisting with the work made Tommy more determined to help. Tubbo wouldn't get hurt for this defiance he assured himself. Dream would never even know. He'd help Tubbo in little ways he could.

His thoughts are cut short when the door handle shakes as if someone on the other side was twisting it. Tommy's heart drops to his stomach. Dream never shook it, he just unlocked it and walked in. There was a stranger outside he realized. A stranger trying to get in. All the time's Dream warned them of evil people who'd try to hurt them for being hybrids filled his mind. He wished he could hide his wings.

Tubbo was on his feet and grabbed one of the rods used for poking the fire. He motioned for Tommy to hide behind the couch. He did. He peaked his head over just barely to watch what was happening. Tommy was surprised by Tubbo's quick action.

The door clicked and then opened as Tubbo hid behind it. A tall muscular man walked in. Tommy frowned as he stared. He looked like.. a pig? A hybrid he decided. He had never seen another hybrid before. Maybe since he was a hybrid the man wouldn't hurt them. Tubbo knocked him out with a heavy blow to the head. Tommy was kind of surprised Tubbo had it in him. He wondered why the boy let Dream push him around. ~~Because he was conditioned into thinking he deserved it.~~

Tommy observed the strange man. He was indeed a pig hybrid. He also had long pink hair and many piercings on his ears. He wore a cloak, like one Tommy had, but the top was covered in what looked to be fur. He must be from somewhere colder Tommy decided. Dream said in colder places people wore more wool to keep themselves warm.

With a little struggle they managed to get the man onto one of the kitchen chairs and tied up. Tubbo picked up the little doll looking thing he was holding when he walked in. "What's that?" Tommy asked. Tubbo's eyes widened. "I read about it in a book once. A totem of

something. It's valuable." Valuable meant it must be important to the pig man. Tommy grabbed it from his hands and stashed it into the house's ender chest. The one Dream made when they were around 12. Tubbo jumped at the action. "Hey! Why'd you do that?"

"If it's valuable we can blackmail him" Tommy said like it was obvious. Tubbo frowned nervously glancing at the man. "He can't get into the chest, so he needs us to get it back. Also look at him, he is muscular and has a bunch of gear. He could probably even take on Dream" Tommy walked over and pulled the pig hybrid's ear up gazing at it carefully. "He's a hybrid too. Dream says humans will hurt us but I don't think another hybrid would." A perfect opportunity fell into their hands.

Tommy grinned and grabbed Tubbo's shoulders shaking them. "This is great Tubbo. We can get him to take us to the music! And Dream won't have to know." Just like the chores. Defying him in a way he'd never know. He went to the doorway and grabbed his cloak of the hook. Dream gave it to him on one of his birthdays. He never got to wear it before, as he never went outside besides to fly. He couldn't really fly with his back covered.. He put it on covering his wings completely.

Tubbo was staring at the pig nervously. "Are you sure Tommy? I don't think" he trailed off. Tubbo gripped the ends of his sleeves, something Tommy noticed he did when he was nervous. Tommy just flashes him a reassuring smile. He wanted Tubbo to agree but he wouldn't force him into anything. "Of course Tubbo. Don't you want to leave?" Tubbo's eyes shifted and he smiled lightly. "Yeah" he glanced at the man again. "Yeah okay. We can do that"

They waited for the pig hybrid to wake up. When he stirred Tommy called out to Tubbo excitedly. The latter had gone to pack bags for them. Grabbing everything they'd need for the trip. The pig hybrid looked around before he stared at Tommy. The glare made Tommy nervous but he stood strong. If he acted confident he could blackmail the pig better He'd prove to Dream he wasn't weak.

Tubbo entered the room. "Who are you?" The hybrid asked, voice surprisingly low. "My name is Tommy, that's Tubbo, and you're going to bring me and my friend to the music." Something brief passed over the hybrids face at the mention of the music before it turned expressionless. "What music?" Tommy waved his hand around. "Loud music plays every year. Hard to miss."

The hybrid leaned his head back and studied the room. "Why would I do that?" He asked in a bored tone. "Because I took your doll" Tommy grinned. "Totem" Tubbo supplied. Tommy waved his hand again. Same thing it didn't matter. The hybrid's head snapped over to him. "Where is it kid? I know you're young but I won't hesitate to-" His hand reached for his sword but was stopped by the rope. "It's in an ender chest. I'll give it to you if you take us to listen to the music." Tommy promised.

The hybrid stared for a while glancing between Tommy and Tubbo. His shoulders sagged. "Fine. If I take you to listen to the stupid music will you give me back my totem?" Tommy nodded enthusiastically. "Of course. I promise"

Brothers

They walked through the forest together. Tubbo and Tommy were nervous at first, leaving the fenced walls. Especially Tubbo. Tommy sympathized. He figured if Dream found them he'd yell and lock Tommy in his room. But Tubbo, Tubbo's punishment would be way worse. Dream would probably beat him near death over it. Tommy swore he'd protect Tubbo though. So they set off on their way.

After leaving the fence neither of them looked back. They were instantly enthralled by the beauty that was the outside. They'd seen pictures before but they weren't as amazing as the real thing. They'd slipped their shoes off and kicked water at each other in a river while their companion waited. Tommy climbed a tree and Tubbo rolled around in a field of colorful flowers.

They walked through the forest, the original energetic buzz of leaving bad worn off. "Where did you even get an ender chest?" The pig hybrid, Technoblade, questioned. "My brother gave it to us," Tommy said. Technoblade nodded in response. They walked in silence for a few more minutes and Tommy fidgeted with his hand's bored. Technoblade glanced down at his hands and he winced, stopping the movement. "Sorry sorry" he mumbled out. Technoblade raised an eyebrow but remained silent.

The sun started to go down so they made a camp for the night. Technoblade asked another question. "So what's with the cabin? Why were you two locked up in there?" Tommy and Tubbo glanced at each other. The topic was not a comfortable one. Dream said no one would understand why he protected them. That's why no one but him visited. "My brother has us stay there. To keep us safe" Tommy says not bothering to explain the details with the stranger. Techno grunts "So neither of you have ever left the cabin before?" Tommy looks at the fire. He says it like it's a bad thing. Was it? Dream was just keeping them safe.

Were they safe? The door locked from the outside. Technoblade had got in easily. If they hadn't heard him and responded quickly or if he hadn't been a hybrid things could have ended badly. By the time Dream returned which could have been days later it would have been too late. Plus Dream outright hurt Tubbo. That definitely wasn't safe. For the first time in 16 years he realized the cabin never felt safe. It never felt like a home. He had moments with Tubbo sure, even Dream, that made him feel at home. But it was never the cabin itself. The cabin was a prison. He couldn't go back. He definitely couldn't let Tubbo go back.

"Nope" Techno took the braid out his hair, which had gotten a little messed up throughout the day, and slowly redid it. "And you're going back? Your brother doesn't sound very nice." Tommy and Tubbo both answered at the same time. "No" "yes".

They looked at each other. "What—" Tubbo's eyes widened as he turned to face Tommy. Tubbo said yes? Why would Tubbo want to go back? Tommy stood up. "Tubbo we can't go back! You can't go back. Please" he grabbed Tubbo's shoulder gently. Tubbo put his hands on Tommy's wrists. "I didn't think you'd want to leave your brother" Tubbo said surprised.

"You're my brother Tubbo" Tommy said. Tears welled in Tubbo's eyes. "More than him. Maybe not by blood. I don't care about staying with him, Tubbo I don't want to leave *you*" Tommy pulled Tubbo into his arms. That wasn't completely true. He cared about Dream, maybe? It was complicated. They embraced, Tubbo cried a little, Tommy did too though he'd never admit it. "Touching" a monotone voice called. Tommy pushed away from Tubbo and his face went red. "Can we sleep now? Long walk tomorrow and I don't want to hear you complain" Tommy and Tubbo curled up together on the sleeping bag Techno provided. He meant what he said about Tubbo. Even if the Dream part he was unsure of. Tubbo may not be his biological brother like Dream (Dream wasn't his biological brother either, he didn't know that) but Tubbo was always there for him. Part of him still loved Dream but it was only part of him. He could only love Dream partly because there was only a part of Dream worth liking.

Back at the cabin the door is pushed open slowly by a masked man. The door was unlocked when he arrived. His eyes landed on the now empty spot to hang your cloak. He entered the house looking around. Things were thrown about, not in a struggle more in a rush, a chair with rope sat centered in the room. He opens the lid of the ender chest and removes its newest addition. His hand falls on the hilt of his sword.

The Butcher Army

They woke up early and continued their journey. The music came from a place Technoblade called the “Antarctic empire” though Tommy had never heard of it before. He said it was where he lived, and it was colder than they were dressed for. So when they get into town he said he’d buy them warmer clothes. Tommy liked the sound of new and warm clothes. Tubbo seemed to as well, neither of them had much clothing in their closets. It was just the same thing a few times. The same red and white shirt and the same green one.

One of Technoblade’s pig ears twitched and he put his hand out motioning for them to stop. Tommy’s heart skipped a beat. A few people emerged from the nearby trees. They wore aprons and held axes. Tommy’s hand instantly found Tubbo’s as he placed himself halfway in front of Tubbo. Techno begrudgingly drew his sword and faced the group. “The butcher army” he sighed. Tommy had no idea what that meant.

“Technoblade!” A cheery voice called. Not the voice he’d expect from a *butcher army*. Tommy looked over to see the one in the center walk forward. He had messy black hair, a beanie, and a blue long-sleeved shirt. At his sides stood what appeared to be hybrids like himself, Techno, and Tubbo. One a fox and one unrecognizable. His skin was half black half white. “What do you want Quackity?” Technoblade asked not bothering to conceal the malice in his tone. Tommy wondered how Techno knew them.

“President Schlatt requested to see you Prince” *Prince?* Tommy turned to Techno with a questioning look on his face but Techno didn’t acknowledge him. Quackity practically glided to in front of him and Tubbo before he could ask about it. “I didn’t take you as the kids type Techno.” The man’s eyes scanned him and Tubbo up and down. When his eyes lingered on Tubbo’s small ram horns a moment Tommy felt a sense of protectiveness. He shifted slightly more in front of Tubbo. Quackity’s expression had changed when he looked at the horns before he masked it quickly. Tommy did not like that.

“I’m not. They’re my business partners.” Technoblade’s said. Quackity straightened and clasped his hands together. “Business partners?” He asked like Techno couldn’t be serious. Techno nudged Quackity away from Tommy and Tubbo putting himself between them. “Business partners. Now go tell your *fiancé* I’m too busy for whatever he wants. He can talk to Phil.” Quackity fake pouted at that.

“He won’t like to hear that,” the fox hybrid said. Quackity looped his arm around Techno’s and pulled him forward slightly. “C’monnnmmm man. I’m sure whatever you’re doing can wait *ven por un minuto.*” (Come for a minute) The hybrid slipped into a language Tommy didn’t recognize. Technoblade pulled his arm away from Quackity and glared. “I’d hate to cause a conflict between our lands,” the duck hybrid said while smirking. Technoblade huffed “are you threatening me?”

Quackity smiled a wide toothy grin. “Of course not! I’m just saying. Now come, Schlatt isn’t a patient man you know” he walked in the other direction. Techno followed begrudgingly after motioning for Tommy and Tubbo to come. Tommy threw his arms up. “Seriously Blade

you gave in so easily. What about the music?" Techno sheathed his sword. "We have time for the music. Don't worry"

"The music?" Quackity asked as they walked. Tommy nodded enthusiastically "yeah the music that plays every year around this time." The expression on Quackity's face becomes a sad one as he looked down. "Oh, the music for the prince. Yes, it does sound lovely." Tommy frowned at that. Is that what the music was for? The prince?

"They play the music for you Technoblade?" Tommy asked. Techno stopped "What- no. It's not for me" Tommy glanced at Tubbo who was looking at their surroundings. The type of forest they walked through was different now. The trees were darker and taller. "You have brothers then?" Tommy asked. Quackity turned to Technoblade. "How does he not know?" Technoblade's didn't even spare the man a glance as he answered "they aren't from here."

That wasn't completely true, yet Tommy was glad he said that. It was better than 'they are two children I found locked in a cabin in the woods' Quackity seemed to believe it and they continued walking along. It was quite the detour Tommy realized, as they had been walking for a while now. Tubbo's hand grabbed him again and he turned to Tubbo. Tubbo looked up at him, shoulders tense, with wide eyes. Tommy could tell he was anxious. He just gave his pseudo brother the most reassuring smile he could muster and squeezed his handle once gently. The tension seemed to lessen and Tubbo walked beside him.

New Discoveries

They walked out of the forest and into a large clearing. Many tall buildings laid atop the treeless ground. From the tree stumps in the ground, it was obvious the clearing was man-made rather than natural. Tommy wondered why they'd cut trees down instead of finding clear land. Once within the boundaries of the country, the fox and other hybrid left the group as Quackity lead them to a tall white building. They no longer needed the extra help to fight off potential threats.

Tubbo looked around with wide eyes at the architecture. Tommy pretended to be uninterested in typical brooding teenager fashion, but he too was in awe. They had never seen such structures before, besides occasionally in books Dream looked at with them. He always filtered the books they got to look at. He didn't know buildings could be so big or be made up of so much glass.

They walked up the steps of a white building and made their way inside. The inside was nicely decorated and filled with different staff members bustling about. After going up in what Quackity called an elevator they stopped outside one of the large sets of doors. "Wait here a moment," Quackity said and disappeared behind the door. They stood awkwardly in the hallway glancing as a few people walked by. "So Prince" Tommy asked with a raised eyebrow now that they were alone. Technoblade's glanced at him and then turned back to the door. "Yup" a man of few words.

Tubbo bounced on his toes a bit. "That is so cool. You didn't say you were a prince. That must be why you wear a crown. I thought you wore it just to look cool." Techno didn't respond so they sat and waited a while longer. The door opened and Quackity motioned Techno through. Tubbo and Tommy went to follow but Quackity stopped them. "Sorry, the President only wants to speak with Technoblade. Down the hall over there" the hybrid pointed to a door "is the kitchen. This will take a while you can go eat something if you want" the door closed in their faces.

Tommy scoffed "he just left us here." They turned and walked to the kitchen. Tommy felt unsettled by the way Technoblade just left them alone in the strange building. He wasn't sure why. Techno had no obligation or reason to protect them beyond the wish to get his totem back. Of course, the man wouldn't hesitate to leave them alone. That thought being voiced sounded suspiciously like Dream. It was okay though, Techno knew these people. If they were strangers surely he wouldn't have left them alone.

He opened the cabinet door in the kitchen and almost drooled at the amount of food that sat on the shelves. The food he didn't recognize. Tubbo, who hadn't eaten much since Dream's comment, hesitantly reached out and grabbed one Tommy had never seen before. He unwrapped it revealing a round tan thing with little brown spots. Tubbo sniffed it cautiously and his ear twitched. He took a small bite and his eyes lit up. Tubbo practically shoved the rest into Tommy's mouth. The younger made a choking sound before he chewed the food and tasted it. It was- sweet. And good. *Really good.* They grabbed a few dozen more.

After eating the mysterious tasty circles and waiting a bit more Technoblade entered the room. The sun was already setting by the time he did. "He dragged me all the way over here over something so stupid" the pig growled in a low voice. A voice similar to Dream's when he was mad. Tommy tensed and saw Tubbo shrink into his seat with a fearful expression from the corner of his eye. Tommy reminded himself this was Technoblade, not Dream.

"Come on," Techno said. Both boys moved to their feet and followed as he walked out of the room. "We're staying the night because it's late. We'll leave early in the morning again and should arrive in by tomorrow night as long as we don't face any more *distractions*."

They entered another bigger room a few hallways down. "Quackity said we could sleep here for the night" Techno explained. They set their stuff down in the room and Tubbo's eyes landed on one of the beds. It was big and had a thick blanket and fluffy pillows. He wanted to sleep in it instantly, despite not being tired. Tubbo never had a real bed back in the cabin.

Dream said hybrids like him didn't deserve one. So he slept on a blanket. He never did understand why Dream did those things, Tommy was a hybrid too. Yet they were treated differently. Dream insisted Tommy had "pretty" animal features. He had big beautiful golden wings. Dream even took the time out of his day to groom them sometimes. Removing loose feathers. Tubbo, on the other hand, had ugly horns and furry ears. Dream never viewed Tubbo, not like Tommy, as human and treated him accordingly.

When Tubbo was younger he had been jealous of Tommy. Secretly hated him to an extent even. Tubbo did all the chores and was forced to call Dream sir. When Tubbo made a mistake, even a small one, he was yelled at and hit. He'd apologize and try his best but it was never enough for Dream. When Tommy did he was treated much gentler. A stern tone and glaring eyes but their guardian rarely raised his voice and never even considered hitting his brother.

But as Tubbo grew older he noticed the way Tommy was just as much a victim as he was. While Tommy wasn't subjected to the same physically damaging treatment Tubbo was, at least Dream never lied to him. No fake smiles and words of affection masking his feelings. Tubbo knew Dream didn't really care for either of them. Dream pretended to care for Tommy, and Tommy fell for it. Why Tommy and he were treated differently he wasn't really sure. Figuring out Dream's motives was usually a difficult task.

He thought about trying to run away sometimes. The door was locked but he could easily break the window and just leave. Dream was usually gone for a week or so at a time, he left for a whole month a few times before. Tommy had no way of contacting Dream so by the time he'd find out Tubbo would be long gone. He never went through with his plan. The fear of all the horrible things Dream said people would do to him if he left kept him in the house. Dream treated him badly for his horns, surely he was right when he said strangers would too.

He also didn't want to leave Tommy. The boy loved Dream obviously, and wouldn't leave him. If he left Tommy with Dream there was a possibility Tommy would end up at the receiving end of the harsh slaps that left Tubbo's ears ringing. The insults that destroyed his self-esteem. Tubbo couldn't have that. So he endured it. He took the hits, the cruel words, and dehumanization. He forced a smile and pretended it didn't hurt to move as he went around the small house constantly doing work. Ignoring the blatant favoritism Dream didn't

bother to conceal ever since they were kids. Anything for Tommy. Tommy's feelings mattered more than his anyway. *When did Dream's words become his own?*

They were both being mistreated by Dream just in different ways. They were both trapped in that awful cabin. Tubbo needed Tommy, and Tommy needed Tubbo. So he stayed.

Tubbo was surprised when Tommy said they weren't going back. He thought for sure Tommy would never want to leave Dream. Not permanently. When hearing Tommy say they wouldn't return it lifted a weight from Tubbo's back. He wouldn't have to get temporary freedom only too willing to return back to his own version of hell.

They changed their clothes, he ignored Techno staring at his not yet healed bruised torso curiously. Concerned even it seemed but Tubbo doubted it. Techno didn't seem like the caring type. He was only doing this for the totem, so he must have imagined the concern. Tubbo's torso was bruised severely even though it was healing quickly. The bruises were faded but large. Dream had been so upset that night he found Tommy's stash. One Tubbo didn't even know about. Not that he blamed Tommy of course, none of this was Tommy's fault. It was Dream's.

The thought of never going back to the cabin, the thought of the bruises he was used to by now having the chance to fully heal without being replaced made him almost giddy. He walked over to Tommy who was looking at his compass. "So we go north tomorrow, to the Antarctic empire and listen to the music," he said. Techno turned to them with a 'what the fuck do you mean' expression. "The Antarctic Empire isn't North from here Tommy." The said boy waved his compass around "what do you mean?" Tubbo looked at the compass. It did point in the direction they had been walking before. Techno looked at the compass before rolling his eyes.

"That's a magic compass, Tommy. It doesn't point North." Techno said like it was obvious. Tommy's shoulder slumped. "It's broken? I've had a broken compass this whole time?" The pig hybrid sighed in annoyance and crossed the room. Tubbo subconsciously tensed and he noticed the way Tommy's hand tightened around the compass. Like he was afraid to lose it. "It's not broken" Techno explained motioning to the compass. He noticed their reactions and decided to keep a small distance between them. "It's enchanted. It doesn't point North it points toward one of your family members. If you don't have any living family it points to yourself."

Tommy looked down at the compass with wide eyes. "Then Dream must be that way. Which means, luckily, he hasn't been to the cabin yet" Tubbo reached out and grabbed the compass. "That's so cool," he said. Techno hummed and walked out of the room. Tubbo stared down at the compass and shock filled him. It wasn't pointing at himself, as he expected. It pointed in another direction. His eyebrows furrowed. Tommy leaned over the compass "Dream said you didn't have any family" Tommy sounded just as confused. Tubbo took a step away from Tommy turning in the direction the compass pointed. "Technically he said he found me. Maybe I have family he didn't know about?"

Something Tubbo didn't recognize swirled in his chest. He had a family? An actual family? He loved Tommy of course but the thought of having parents filled his mind. Parents that

would ruffle his hair like Dream did Tommy's on a good day, parents that would give him a warm bed to sleep in and a filling meal he didn't have to cook himself. Eating dinner together while they ask about his day. Or an older sibling, a good one, unlike Dream. He was suddenly hyper-aware of how affection starved he was even with Tommy. Those thoughts stopped instantly. That family that abandoned him. So Dream said anyway. He couldn't forget that.

He tried to forget but Dream always found pleasure in reminding Tubbo he was abandoned. Left in a box for Dream to find. Left at Dream's mercy. Dream said that him taking Tubbo in left him 'forever in debt' to Dream. A sick feeling filled his stomach. Did he want a family that abandoned him? Did they abandon him? Or was that a lie? He couldn't trust what Dream said. That was the first time in a while he questioned Dream. In the cabin, he had grown accustomed to just taking Dream's word as law.

Tommy's hand landed on his shoulder and he jumped slightly breaking from his thoughts. Tommy had a look in his eyes, concern. "Want to follow it?" He asked. Tubbo looked back down. "Yeah" they walked out of the room. Realistically, they probably shouldn't have. The needle could be pointing to someone far far away. Looking was borderline pointless. Tubbo noticed as they walked through the halls the needle moved. Tubbo frowned. "Are they.. in the building?" Tommy asked.

That's what it seemed like. They circled the building's perimeter and the needle always pointed into the building. Tubbo wasn't sure how to feel. To think his family was so close? He thought for sure they'd have to put some effort into looking. Did his mom work for the President? Or dad, sibling he wasn't sure. They followed the needle around, with no help from Tommy and his terrible sense of direction, until they landed right outside a door. "Wait" Tommy mumbled looking at it. "Wasn't this—" Tommy started but was cut short when the door swung open. In the doorway stood a tall clean man wearing a perfectly fitted suit. Quackity at his side. Tubbo made eye contact with him. The needle pointing directly at the man. Two ram horns sat on top of the President's head.

Welcome home, son

Chapter Summary

I actually like this dadschlatt reunion way more than the original one I wrote.

They stared at each other silently for a few moments. It was probably shocking to see two kids wearing pajamas standing outside of your office. Quackity rushed forward and motioned Tommy and Tubbo backwards. “What are you two doing here? I thought Techno was taking you to your room” Tubbo’s eyes never left the President’s. His eyes studied the man, noting the way his hair framed his face the same way Tubbo’s did. And the way his ears had the same little speckle pattern on them. “Quackity?” The older ram hybrid question. Quackity turned to his fiancé and shrugged “They came with Prince Technoblade, business partners he said.”

Schlatt hummed and stepped forward looking down at the compass in the boy’s hand. “I think your compass is broken kiddo” he reached out and picked it up to get a closer look. A jolt of warmth ran through Tubbo when the man’s, his supposed father’s, hand brushed against his slightly. “North is not-“ he stopped speaking when the compass needle turned suddenly. Towards Tubbo. He frowned “Definitely broken”

Schlatt glanced at Tubbo again and then tossed the compass to the blonde. Tommy scrambled to catch it. “Following a broken compass is a waste of time” the ram slipped his thumbs into his pant’s belt loops. “It’s not broken dickhead” Tommy snapped while waving the compass around in his hand. Quackity looked like he was about to say something, probably complain about Tommy calling his fiancé a dickhead, but Tommy cut him off. “It’s magic”

The two adults looked unconvinced. “Look” Tommy insisted shoving the compass back to the other boy. “Take it Tubbo” Schlatt’s and Quackity’s eyes both widen. Schlatt took a small step forward reaching his hand out slightly to Tubbo but freezed when the younger ram hybrid flinched back. A worried look appeared in his eyes. “Your name is Tubbo?” The older ram hybrid asked hesitantly. As if afraid to hear the answer. After a moment Tubbo nodded. “The compass points towards your family” Tommy supplied.

All four pairs of eyes locked on the compass in Tubbo’s hands. It pointed towards Schlatt again. Schlatt and Tubbo looked at eachother and tears filled Tubbo’s eyes. A

sense of realization hit them all at once. “Dad?” He whispered quietly. The President fell onto his knees in front of Tubbo and grabbed the boy’s upper arms gently. “Tubbo-“ he said just as quite as Tubbo’s whisper. Both words held so much power in the situation but were spoken so carefully. So hesitantly as if the ram hybrids were afraid saying it wrong could result losing the other.

Schlatt’s eyes scanned Tubbo up and down before settling on the boy’s face again. “Tubbo, son” he breathed out and cupped his face gently between his hands. “Dad” Tubbo repeated, though this time he practically sobbed the word. Schlatt moved his hands from Tubbo’s face and pulled the boy into his arms. Tubbo had sunk to his knees to fit comfortably in the arms of the President. Schlatt’s head rested on top of his.

Tubbo realized he fell into the arms of someone who was practically a stranger yet he couldn’t find himself to care. One look at the man’s welcoming arms and he melted into the touch. His head buried into his *dad’s* chest, and hand on the back of his head. He couldn’t stop the tears and small hiccuping sobs that shook his whole body. If Schlatt minded he didn’t say anything.

He pulled away from the hug and Schlatt cupped his face with his hands again. Tubbo took a few deep breaths to try to calm down. Affection he desperately craved for so long was finally given to him and he didn’t know how to react. Technoblade rounded the corner, took one look at the scene before him, and sighed. “I leave you alone for 5 minutes-“

They went into Schlatt’s office and the President explained everything to Tubbo, apparently, Dream had been lying. Tubbo wasn’t left in a box, he wasn’t left anywhere. Tubbo went out to play in the garden with the bees one day and disappeared. The guard that was meant to be watching him was found dead, his wound indicated it was a quick and quiet death. Other than that there was not a single trace of where Tubbo had gone.

Jschlatt mourned the loss of his son for years. He buried himself in work and drank his problems away. Quackity pulled him out of the dark place he was in. While he still missed Tubbo, the void in his heart was something not even Quackity could fix, he became better. He stopped overworking himself and drank less. Quackity proposed to him and the two were to get married soon. Schlatt still wasn’t over the loss of his son, he didn’t think he ever would be, but he was happy again. He never expected to see Tubbo. So when the ram boy appeared outside his doorway he instantly shut down the idea of him being his son. Plenty of ram hybrids existed. He didn’t want to get his hopes up. The compass proved him wrong.

Many more tears were shed in the office and hugs were given. It was after Tommy reluctantly left with Technoblade to get some sleep that Schlatt asked about what happened to him. Where he had been the whole time. A silent ‘who hurt you’. He was concerned, to say the least when his long lost now 16-year-old son was injured. The bruises on his face were faded, but he also noticed the marks on his son’s wrists. He also

couldn't forget the way Tubbo flinched away from him. He'd never forget the fear that flashed over his face. Or the sick feeling it gave him.

"What happened to you kiddo?" Schlatt asked hesitantly. Tubbo sat in front of Schlatt and Quackity. He listened to the crackle of the fire while he organizing his thoughts. His hands rested on his knees and a blanket wrapped around his shoulders. "Well, I don't remember you or this place at all" he started. Schlatt frowned sadly at that but nodded in understanding. "You were pretty young"

Tubbo sniffed and wrapped his arms around himself. "I grew up with- with Tommy. And his brother in a small house in the woods" he spoke after a couple of minutes. Schlatt's shoulders seemed to fall a bit. The tension in his shoulders releases as if that wasn't as bad as he expected. As if living in a small cabin in the woods could be nothing but peaceful. Tubbo almost wanted to laugh at the naivety. He felt almost bad for having to tell his dad the rest. "His brother doesn't like hybrids"

The entire mood of the room shifted completely at that sentence. The false hope his son had some semblance of a good childhood washed away. Schlatt reached out and grabbed his hand once he noticed the new wave of tears that filled his son's eyes. "It's okay Tubs. Take your time" Tubbo nodded and swallowed the lump in his throat. The nickname giving him a brief moment of euphoria. "I think that's why- well he made me do all the work around the house. L-like cook and clean." He stuttered and hiccuped a bit through the sentence. Oblivious to the way the words made Schlatt's eyes darken.

"And- and he always got so mad at me even when I tried my best. He yelled at me all the time and he-he he hit me a bunch" a sob tore through his throat as everything hit him at once. The dam of emotions he had held up for years breaking. Schlatt pulled Tubbo off his seat and into his arms, even though he was 16 his small stature compared to the President's height made this easy.

He sobbed violently as he continued. "He said because I was a ram hybrid I was worthless and I only existed to do what he said. Since he- he said he saved me. He lied and said he found me abandoned and that him saving me left me in debt to him" Tubbo's hands gripped the President's suit tightly. Quackity began to run his fingers through Tubbo's hair gently while Schlatt's hand rubbed circles on his back. They continued the comforting actions as he sobbed.

After he calmed down slightly Schlatt pulled away from him and looked Tubbo in the eyes. "Tubbo I want you to listen to me," he said softly. Careful to keep his tone light so it didn't sound like an order or anything. Tubbo wiped his eyes again and nodded. "Whatever that bastard said to you was wrong. You aren't worthless, and you certainly don't have any reason to *serve* anyone. I mean fuck kiddo you're still a human. You being a hybrid is never an excuse for someone to treat you like that. Everything he did to you was wrong" Quackity hummed in agreement. Schlatt put his hand on Tubbo's head. "Don't worry Tubs. I promise I won't let him near you again while you're here." Tubbo did his best to believe them.

He showed Tubbo his old room, one meant for a toddler and was left untouched. A lot of the decorations were bees he noted fondly. He nearly cried again. The room was fairly

big and had actual furniture. A wood nightstand instead of a cardboard box. Schlatt told him they'd have it changed as soon as possible. A 16-year-old couldn't sleep in a toddler bed after all. He also said they'd make Tommy a room. Schlatt wouldn't let either of them go back to Dream and he wasn't going to abandon Tommy. The two cared about each other. After one more goodnight hug that lasted longer than the rest, the father and son clinging onto each other as if they were afraid of losing the other again, Tubbo made his way to Tommy and Technoblade.

Tubbo entered the room they were meant to sleep in with Techno asleep and Tommy sitting on his bed. His eyes were rimmed with tears but for the first time in years, it was for a good reason. The boys murmured to each other quietly for a while, Tubbo recounting everything that had happened with Schlatt.

They woke up the next morning to a warm pancake breakfast. One Tubbo didn't have to make. Schlatt was hesitant at first to let Tubbo leave. He only just got his son back, but Tubbo couldn't leave Tommy. They wanted to listen to the music together. Plus they were traveling with Technoblade, one of the fiercest fighters out there. Tubbo promised he'd return, and after another extra-long goodbye hug, an "I love you kid" mumbled into his hair that nearly made him break down sobbing again, they set out on their way to the Antarctic Empire.

The Calm

They arrived in the Antarctic Empire a few hours before the music played. With time to spare they partook in the festival. Tommy learned the music was only a small part of a bigger celebration, one that happened every year around this time. It lasted a week. Tommy thought it was cool it happened during his birthday.

They played a bunch of cool games neither of them had heard of before. Despite their inexperience Tommy and Tubbo won a few prizes. Technoblade mentioning something about the games being easier during the festival to lighten everyone's mood. Technoblade apparently did not like the celebration.

He was irritated the whole time. "Why'd you go so far from home during a festival?" Tommy asked, mouth full of tasty food he'd never had before. Technoblade ignored the question. He instead sneered in disgust "Why are you like this?" Tommy just shrugged and continued inhaling the treats. Tubbo at his side timidly taking and nibbling on a few.

Tubbo yelped as a heavy set man bumped into him from behind. The man ignored Tubbo even though he bumped into the boy. No apology, not even a glance. Tommy whirled around "What the fuck is wrong with you, you bastard?" He screeched. The man turned to him with a glare. "What the did you call me kid?" He took a step towards Tommy. Before Tommy could cuss him out Techno stood in front of them. The second the man saw Techno he backed off. No words were exchanged. Just an angry pig scowl and he practically pissed himself.

Tommy watched with admiration in eyes. "That was so cool Blade!" He said when the man walked off, bouncing on his feet slightly. "You didn't even say anything" Techno glanced at where the man had gone and his hand fell from his weapon. "What else do you want to do?" He asked turning back to Tommy and Tubbo. The boys looked at each other.

They spent the next hour playing games and dancing. A few little kids made a flower crown for Tubbo and Technoblade bought Tommy a helmet that was made out of a turtle shell. It was enchanted and apparently allowed him to breath under water for a small period of time. He was surprised by the gift, but Technoblade just waved it off. "Money isn't an issue" Must be a prince thing. Though Dream never seemed to have an issue with money either. Whenever Tommy asked for something, something physical anyways, Dream got it for him. He pushed Dream from his mind.

They listened to an old legend about old winged people who used to inhabit the Earth until a dragon killed them. The story caught his interest when the storyteller mentioned wings. Everyone thought it was a complete myth, not knowing it was just a slightly inaccurate recount of the truth.

He sat next to Tubbo on a fairly flat rock. Technoblade was talking to a boy with curly brown hair who glanced over at them a few times. Tubbo was silently eating what looked like a pink cloud. His eyes were distant, so Tommy figured he was thinking about something intently.

“What’s that?” Tommy asked, hoping to break Tubbo from whatever he was thinking off. Recently it had never been anything good.

Tubbo turned to him and ripped off a piece before offering it. “Candy” he said. Tommy put it in his mouth and it instantly dissolved. The taste was sweet. A wide grin appeared on his face and Tubbo gave him the rest smiling softly “I already had a bunch” he assured when Tommy tried to refuse or split it in half.

“This place is cool” Tubbo said after a few minutes of them sitting silently. Tommy eating the cotton candy. The blonde hummed in agreement. “Are we going back to Manberg right away?” Tommy paused. He hadn’t thought of that. After they listened to the music they’d have to give Techno his totem which would take some time. Dread settled in his stomach. He forgot about the totem. He forgot about the fact to get it they’d have to go back to the cabin. He glanced at Tubbo. He decided he wouldn’t let Tubbo go back. They’d go to Manberg with Tubbo and then Techno would take him to the cabin. Tommy would grab the totem and then go back to Manberg with Tubbo. He didn’t want Tubbo to go anywhere near that house again. He didn’t want to go back either, the thought of it made him sick. He set down the cotton candy. He didn’t want to go back but it had to be done. “We should get you back to your dad as quickly as possible.” He decided on saying.

Tubbo nodded. “I still can’t believe I have one” he said looking down at the ground. Tommy couldn’t help but agree. They thought they both had no family, besides Dream being Tommy’s brother. Tommy couldn’t help but be glad for Tubbo though. If anyone deserved a loving dad like the President it was him. “Too bad he isn’t a king, you might have been a prince” Tommy joked. Though he couldn’t imagine Tubbo in a stuffy outfit or a crown. The boy didn’t even button his shirt correctly. Tubbo giggled a bit “I’m not really the prince type, you’d be a great prince though”

“yeah right” Tommy scoffed. “Do I seem like the prince type?” Tubbo’s eyes scanned over him a moment before he just smiled. “Nope” he said popping the p. “Neither does Technoblade though.” Tommy considers that. Techno had a crown and was dressed like a prince, but he didn’t act like how he thought a prince would. “Yeah” he agreed.

Said pig hybrid finished talking the brown haired guy and made his way over. “The music is going to play soon.” He said, Tommy leapt to his feet excitedly and pulled Tubbo up with him.

Techno led the two of them to the edge of the town. They sat down on a small bench over a cliff, below them they could see the town square. The bench had room for two only so Techno stood off to the side. Tommy wasn’t afraid being high up, and leaned over the edge to see what was happening down below. Tommy watched as a man, Techno said was his father the king, put a disk into a small box on a stage. The music began to play. A beautiful symphony that spread throughout the town for all to hear. The sun set on the horizon.

Citizens stopped their celebrating and most of the sound died down. The only thing that could be heard was the music. Their voices silenced out of a sign of respect. He knew the music had symbolism for something, yet no one told him exactly. Techno got defensive when he asked, maybe it had to do with the reason he didn’t like the festival.

The citizens circled the stage to listen. A few hummed quietly to the tune, others danced with each other. While that looked fun, he was glad he was up here alone with Tubbo and Technoblade. He wanted listening to the music to be a special moment shared with just him and Tubbo.

He had waited so long for this and it was better than he could have ever imagined. Tommy was surprised the music came from a small box, but he wasn't disappointed. Tubbo rested his head on Tommy's shoulder and Tommy leaned his head on top of Tubbo's. It was peaceful and for a moment Tommy forgot about everything.

He forgot about the pain and suffering they had gone through. He forgot about Dream possibly hunting them down. He forgot about returning the totem. It was just him and Tubbo listening to the music. He didn't even acknowledge Technoblade who stood to the side watching fondly. For the first time in their lives Tommy and Tubbo were completely at peace. Their eyes slipped closed. Finally allowing themselves to act like what they were, two tired kids in need of a break.

Technoblade, seemingly realizing they were satisfied listening to the music on their bench alone, gave them some space. He made his way down to join Philza.

They didn't hear the rustle behind them that approached after Technoblade left.

The Storm

“So this is where you two went” a familiar voice called from behind the pair. Tommy jumped to his feet instantly as Tubbo froze beside him. He whirled around and his eyes locked on Dream’s unsettling smiley mask. “D-Dream” he stuttered. The music seemed far away again in the presence of his brother. *Where had Techno gone?*

Dream approached the bench and Tubbo stood up beside him. Tommy put an arm out in front of of Tubbo. His promises to protect Tubbo from Dream not forgotten. “I’m very disappointed in you Tommy” Dream said. Each word dragged out and spoken with a chilling venom to it. He grabbed Tommy’s chin gently tipping it up. Fingernails digging into his skin. “And what are you wearing? Those stupid Antarctic Empire clothes? They don’t care about you” Tommy smacked Dream’s hand away from his face. “And you do?” He growled.

Dream pulled his hand too himself and seemed surprised. His hand fell into the satchel at his side and he pulled something out. “Tommy the second the prince gets this” Dream waved around the totem of undying in his hand. Tommy frowned. His compass never said Dream went to the cabin. Unless- “He’ll leave you alone. Then what?” Tommy glanced back at Tubbo again. If what he thought was true. “Me and Tubbo will be fine Dream. Anywhere is better than being with a bastard like you.”

Dream straightened. Tommy couldn’t see his face behind the mask but he imagined his expression was one of rage. He clicked his tongue. Dream’s hand raised backward, and for a moment Tommy braced himself to be struck. He had finally pushed Dream too far. Instead though, the hand found it’s usual target. Tubbo’s head snapped to the side and he yelled. “What the fuck?” Tommy yelled at Dream while putting himself in front of Tubbo completely. Shielding him from Dream. “If it had done it’s job this wouldn’t have happened.” Dream scoffed. Tommy’s stomach twisted at the way he referred to Tubbo.

“We’re going home immediately. This little rebellion is over.” He reached out and grabbed Tommy’s wrist but he yanked it away. “No Dream. We aren’t going anywhere with you.” He felt Tubbo’s trembling hand on the back of his arm. The boy stepped to the side so Dream could see both of them while he was still behind Tommy. Dream sneered down at them. “If you come home now, I’ll forgive you both. I won’t even punish Tubbo further. We can forget all about this” he promised.

“You aren’t my brother.” He said out loud. “The compass never pointed to you. You aren’t my brother Dream are you?” Dream’s shoulders slumped slightly. “You’re being ridiculous Tommy. Of course I’m your brother”

Tommy just took a small step back, a small one as they were right in front of a cliff. “You manipulated us. Lied to both of us. Lied about Tubbo’s family, you lied about mine too didn’t you?” he tried to hide the shaking of his voice. He didn’t want to feel weak under Dream anymore. Dream took a step forward. “I am the only person who cares about you. Your whole

life you've only had me and Tubbo. Tubbo doesn't really care about you. He is only around because I make him stay." Tubbo's hand tightened around his arm.

"Thats not true" Tubbo spoke surprisingly clear despite the tremors that ran through his body. Dream's hands curled into tight fists. "Shut up pest" he practically hissed out. Tubbo winced at the name. "You are terrible to us" Tommy said while glaring at his brother.

Dream took another step towards them and they stood at the edge of the cliff. Dream grabbed Tommy's upper arm and yanked him away from Tubbo and towards himself. "We're going home now" Tommy struggled to get his arm free but Dream's hand wouldn't budge. Dream reached out to grab Tubbo next but a voice called out behind him. "That's gonna be a bit of a problem, cuz these guys are with me."

Dream turned, keeping Tommy in his hold, and faced Technoblade. Technoblade's eyes widened when he saw Dream. The masked man grabbed the totem and tossed it to Techno who caught it in one hand. "There is your totem Technoblade. Now fuck off"

Technoblade's hand rested on his sword. "You're their asshole brother Dream?" He asked. Dream's hand tightened around Tommy's arm and he couldn't help but whimper slightly. Techno's eyes snapped down to Dream's hand before they went back to the mask. He glanced at Tubbo who stood behind the two unsure of what to do. "This is none of your business *Blade*"

He took a step forward and unsheathed his sword. "Not another step" Dream snapped. He pulled Tommy backwards and grabbed the front of Tubbo's shirt. He pushed the boy right to the edge. Technoblade froze where he stood. "Drop your weapon" Dream commanded.

"No—" Dream didn't hesitate when he shoved Tubbo roughly over the edge. "I warned you" he said while smiling. His now free hand fell on his sword. Tommy yelled and ripped himself from Dream's hold. "TUBBO" he scrambled to the edge. He didn't even register unhooking the cloak that covered his back, or leaping off the edge. He didn't notice the gasps that filled the town's crowded citizens. All he thought about was Tubbo.

He grabbed Tubbo's wrist and used all of his strength to pull him into his arms. While Tommy did exercise his wings they were still weak. He couldn't hold both of them up in the air. His arms wrapped around Tubbo tightly and his eyes squeezed shut. He positioned himself between Tubbo and the ground, his flapping barely slowing their fall. *Oh god he was going to die- he was going to die and he didn't even get to find his family like Tubbo.* The last thing he remembered was Tubbo yelling his name before his back slammed into the ground and he lost consciousness.

Endings are Fun, But Reunions are Better

Chapter Summary

Please Read:

The compass points to whatever family member it thinks you need to go to. It's magic it can do that. Ignore anything I've ever said about the compass before. I hate the compass it's getting smashed in the next book lmao-

Ok PSA over sorry I keep changing things but it works better. Maybe this is why authors of actual books write the entire thing before publishing them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Phil saw a boy falling through the air and another boy jumping down to catch him, gliding on large golden wings, he almost thought he imagined it. The boy fumbled in the air and wasn't able to keep up due to the weight. Phil flew over instantly but because of the distance he couldn't make it over before they hit the ground. The blonde boy's back hit the ground with a sickening thud.

When neither of them moved his heart stopped a moment. He looked down at the golden wings and blonde hair. Then he looked at the brown haired boy, and the ram horns that sat on his head. *Could they be?*

The crowd around the two grew. The brown haired boy sat up after what felt like hours. His arm circled around his waist, his other hand clutching his head as he hissed in pain. The boy seemingly remembered his friend. He scrambled off the blonde and shook his shoulder. "Tommy?" He asked in a small shaky voice. Tears filled his eyes. Phil took a step forward unsure of what to do.

Technoblade watched as Tommy leapt over the edge, his wings spreading wide behind him. He was surprised to see the boy had wings, he never noticed them before. How he had hidden them so well under the cloak, he had no idea. Dream reached his arm out to grab Tommy but he missed. He tackle Dream who instantly struggled in his grip.

"He is going to die you know. *Your* brother is going to die." Technoblade froze and it clicked in his mind. The wings, the fact that the President's missing child lived with them. Rage filled him and he slammed his fist into the side of Dream's head. "It was you the whole time?"

You took both of them? Why?" He demanded. The mask the man wore cracked and a piece of it fell off. Techno was met with a startling white eye.

"He won't be able to keep himself and Tubbo up, and he won't abandon Tubbo to save himself" Dream said apathetically. Techno tensed and looked over the edge again to see Tommy's arms wrapped around Tubbo just as they hit the ground. He felt sick. "You can save him" He looked down at Dream who motioned to the totem still clutched in his hand.

He was off Dream in seconds and made his way down to the town square. He pushed through the crowd and towards the sound of Tubbo's crying. At least he knew Tubbo was okay, there was only one totem. He got to the center to see Tommy face up with Tubbo at his side. Phil and Wilbur stood a little ways off. Techo made his way over and sunk to his knees on the other side of Tommy.

He stared down at the blonde haired boy. Was this really his brother? How did he not notice? His hair was the same color as Phil's, his nose the same shape. The big golden wings he apparently had the whole time. It was foolish to think Dream had only kidnapped one of the children he kept in the cabin but not the other.

That was another thing. The fact Dream had done this was hard to believe. He never liked Dream, but he never expected him to be his baby brother's kidnapper. He was a king, why did he need to kidnap children? Plus no one thought that ~~Theseus~~ Tommy and Tubbo were taken by the same person. Their disappearances were years apart and at completely different times of the year.

He checked Tommy's pulse which was very slow. Without thinking he shoved the totem into Tommy's hand and closed his hands over the boy's to make sure it didn't fall. The totem lit up suddenly and then dissolved into Tommy's hand. A green glow passed over his body before his eyes opened. Tubbo sobbed and pulled Tommy into a hug as Techno let go of his hand and fell back slightly. The hybrid gasped for air. He hasn't realized he was holding his breath.

A hand appeared on his shoulder and he looked up to see Phil at his side. Wilbur laughed slightly next to Philza "I told you Techno would make a terrible father. Leave him alone with kids for a few days and they fall off a cliff" Techno glared at his twin.

"Hey mate" Phil took another step toward and crouched in front of the kids. "That was a pretty big fall huh? Good thing Tech had that totem" He looked over the kids to make sure they were okay. His eyes landed on a compass. The glass over it was cracked slight and must have fallen from the blonde's pocket. "I think you dropped your compass" he said picking it up and holding it out to the boy. It was one of the kingdom's enchanted compasses.

The needle didn't point behind him to either of his sons. It pointed away from them. To the blonde haired boy. Who had golden wings and blue eyes. And looked to be around sixteen years old. His easy smile disappeared being replaced by disbelief. The boy was looking down at the compass and then looked back up at him.

He could practically hear the shit-eating grin on Wilbur's face as he said "I told you the music would bring him home."

Chapter End Notes

The next book will be coming very soon <3 thank you all for reading and commenting n' stuff

Another fic that takes place in this universe that was written by someone else:
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/28680390>

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!